By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heavie well-aday.
In her unholy ſervice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preacht there, did you ever dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere come here.

Baud. Fie, fie upon her, ſhe is able to frieze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we muſt either get her raviſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhee would make a puritane of the devill, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith, I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'l diſfuriſh us of all our Cavaleers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boult. We ſhould have both Lord and Lowne, if the peeviſh baggedge would but give way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for you, that your reſorters ſtand upon ſound legs, how now? wholeſome impunity have you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Chirurgion?

Baud. We have one here ſir if ſhe would ——— But there never came her like in *Metaline*.

Lyſ. If ſhee'd doe the deede of darknes thou wouldſt ſay.

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and bloud ſir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but———

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne of a Baud, no leſſe then it gives a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Baud. Here comes that which growes to the ſtalke,
Never pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creaturt?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerve after a long voyage at ſea,
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Baud. I beſeech your honour give me leave a word,
And Ile have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I deſire to finde him ſo, that I may worthily note him.

Baud. Next, hee's the Governor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he governe the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Baud. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you uſe him kindly? he will line your Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankefully receive.

Lyſ. Have you done?

Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not pac'ſte yet, you muſt take ſome paines to worke her to your mannage, come, wee will leave his Honour and her together. *Exit Baud.*

Lyſ.